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Summary: Twins 004 and 005, trapped in Hawkins Lab, run away after 004 is hurt. But when the two are separated, 004 creates a group for other kids like her, with the purpose of getting revenge, finding better lives, and finding 005. But when 004 meets 008, suddenly life has more meaning than this endless mission. And when she's forced to leave it all behind, nothing will ever be the same.

1. Do It

"Do it."

"No."

"Do it."

"No."

"005, do it. Do it for your papa. You won't hurt her."

"Papa, no."

I sighed. This was going nowhere, and Papa looked as though he'd kill 005 if he could. "Do it, 005. Please."

"But..."

I leaned in closer, so Papa couldn't hear.

"You won't hurt me," I whispered, "But if you don't do this, Papa will hurt you. And that would hurt me more than anything. So please, just do it. For me."

"Fine," He sighed, "For you."

He focused his eyes on me, and his nose began to bleed. I felt myself losing control over my body. 005 had done this before, but never on me. Never to his own sister. It was a weird feeling, but I didn't have much time to think about it, because soon, I lost control over my thoughts, too. It felt like I wasn't even in my own body anymore, but outside, watching the scene. Like an actor watching a play unfold from behind the curtains, instead of acting on the stage.

Papa smiled. "Make her stand up."

I stood up.

"Make her walk to me."

I walked over to him.

"Wonderful," Papa mused, "Now, pick up that knife and stab that man over there." He pointed to on the table and then the man in the corner. "Kill him."

"No!"

I didn't know what to do. I couldn't do anything.

"Do it."

"Never!"

"Do it," He pulled a knife out of his coat pocket, "Or your sister gets it."

"Please, no!"

"Do it." He held the knife up to my neck. I was about to die and I couldn't control my own body. *Shit.*

"Fine. Fine, fine. Fine." *Shit.*

I watched as I stood up, and grabbed the knife on the table. I turned towards the man. I started walking. One step. *Shit.* two steps. *Shit.* three steps. *Shit, shit, shit.* Four steps. *Fuck.*

The look of helplessness in my brother's eyes shamed me. Why did I agree to make him do this? I knew Papa was going to use our powers for bad. He always does. But I never thought he'd make us kill a man. Never.

I was face to face with the strange man. And then I was stabbing him, right in the stomach. But I wasn't. Because just before the knife came in contact with him. He grabbed the knife. And suddenly, the knife had stabbed me.

My brother's force broke, and I felt myself falling, suddenly snapping back into my body. The last thing I saw was my beloved brother's saddened face as he rushed to my side, trying to save me.

2. Free

"004? 004, wake up. Please, please wake up."

"005?"

"004!"

I slowly opened my eyes. 005 was staring down at me, looking like he had almost lost me. Which I guess he had.

"Where are we?" I muttered. I felt light-headed, and my stomach was in excruciating pain.

"Lab, still. But..." He looked down at my wound. The knife had been removed, and fabric that had been ripped off my brother's shirt was wrapped around it. My shirt was stained with blood, as was the makeshift bandage. 005 was frantically trying to clean up the blood with a small cloth, also bloodstained.

"Where is Papa?"

"Papa...Left."

I motioned for him to stop dabbing at the wound. Slowly, I removed the makeshift bandage, cringing every time my finger slipped and touched the cut. Then I lifted up the shirt, just enough to inspect the damage. It wasn't too bad. I suppose it could have been worse.

"The cloth."

005 handed me the cloth, and watched nervously as I dabbed and the remaining blood.

"It's still bleeding. Is there any more fabric?"

005 ripped another piece of his shirt, which had been too big for him, but now, was almost too short. He wrapped the strip of fabric around my stomach, much more carefully than I had been. He tied it in a firm knot, then pulled my shirt down over it.

"Thank you."

He smiled, and bent down to hug me. I hugged him back. I was so grateful for my brother. Many kids like us had to deal with this hell hole's shit alone. But we didn't.

"Let's go." I said.

"Where?"

"I don't know. Honestly, I don't care. Just somewhere. Far, far away from this fucking hell hole. We could have died today, and it's going to happen again. But not if we leave. Papa wants to use our powers to kill and hurt and destroy, all for his own good. Let's go somewhere where we can use our powers for us, or not at all. Somewhere where we can just be normal kids."

"But.. Papa..."

"Are you seriously defending him? After he nearly killed me? And made you try to kill someone else?"

"No.. But, Papa... Mad. Find us... Kill us."

"He won't hurt us. We'll go where he can't find us. And if he does, it's two kids with superpowers versus a bunch of angry old men. You alone could just make them walk away. We'll be okay. We'll never have to look at those assholes again.

"Promise?"

"Promise."

He hesitated for a moment, but reluctantly agreed.

"Come on. Before someone decides to see if I'm dead yet."

I tried to stand up, but immediately doubled over in pain. 005 looked concerned, but helped me up. I limped towards the window, and 005 followed. I punched the window, hard. I punched it until there was enough glass gone to climb out without cutting ourselves.

"Blood."

"What?"

"Blood" he gestured towards my wrist, where a piece of glass had cut my wrist.

"It's fine."

"No." He grabbed the bloodstained cloth off the ground, wiped off some of the blood, then wrapped it in another piece of his shirt.

"By the end of the day, you won't have any shirt left."

He giggled. I smiled. Making my brother happy was hard to do, with Papa's controlling shit hanging over our heads all the time. But it always made me smile.

But not for long.

Thud thud thud.

Footsteps.

"Shit. Shit, shit, shit, shit."

"004!"

I rolled my eyes.

"You're really concerned about goddamn language right now?"

"004!"

"My bad." I sighed. Sometimes siblings weren't the best people to be stuck with.

"Quiet!"

"They've probably heard us already."

"004!"

"Let's just leave. Before they come in and kill us." Did my brother really not understand the heat of the situation?

"Where...They?"

"What?"

He slapped me in the head.

"Bitch!"

"004!"

"Sorry!"

"Where...They?"

"I don't...oh. Oh. "

"Yeah."

"Right, sorry."

"Hurry!"

I closed my eyes. I could feel the blood running out of my nose.

Thank god that worthless bitch 004 is finally gone.

Brenner is going to kill us if 005 escapes.

I better get my goddamn paycheck.

Three voices. Three people.

"There's three."

I focused harder. They were turning the corner.

"They're outside the door."

I opened my eyes. Just in time. 005 was standing in front of the door. The knob turned. The door was opening, slowly, slower, then not at

all. The door began to close, then lock.

I grabbed 005's arm and dragged him towards the window.

"Quick."

He climbed through the window, and I followed. We climbed down a tree below the window, and as soon as our feet hit the ground, we ran. We ran faster than we ever had.

Because we were free. We were finally free.

3. Chicago

"New York City. It's huge, and there's a ton of people there. Papa and his stupid scientist bitches will never find us there."

"No."

"Why not?"

Too loud. You'll..."

"Yeah. Right." I sighed, and crossed it off the map. "City number 49 that I can't go to. Of all the things, I had to be fucking telepathic."

"004..."

"Right, language. Sorry." I knew that wasn't what he was talking about. But I didn't have time for sentimentality. I wasn't the kind of person to talk like that, especially not when we were on the run from psychotic scientist murderers.

He sighed. I sighed.

"Chicago." He pointed to the city on the map.

"Chicago. Large, but I bet there's quiet spots. Alleys and stuff. It's Perfect." I circled Chicago on the map. And for the first time in two weeks, I felt like leaving the lab was the right thing after all.